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Spectator of Books.

CONFESSIONS OF AN M. P.

The Member: an Autobiography. By the Author of the "Ayrshire Legatees," &c. 1 vol. Fraser.

LEST our readers should be making up their minds for a dish, (or *dose*, as the case may be with their tastes,) of parliamentary logic, and party rhodomontading at our hands, we begin by distinctly declaring that such matters are not "in our line." For we are of a most quiet and unpugnacious disposition, religiously abstaining from discussions and debates of every kind, but especially such as are carried on "for the good of the nation," (who is a most ungracious creature to deal with, and returns small thanks for vast troubles and professions,) and shunning patriotism and politics as we would the *devil*,—than which one in editorial capacity can say no more!

With this premise, having "sunk the shop" for a time, we hasten to introduce our friends to Mr. Archibald Jobbry, late M. P. for the "independent" borough of Frailtown, who, albeit an unostentatious "silent member," displays sense and shrewdness enough for a whole bench of bullies, and is every bit as amusing as the most eloquent of his compeers. Mr. Jobbry is a very worthy and prudent man, who finding the claims of his innumerable cousins, and cousins' cousins, drag rather heavily upon his East Indian savings, be-thinks him of purchasing an "independent" vote in the House of Commons; that is, a vote which he may always hold in keeping, and retail as, in his discretion, he may think most convenient for his public and private ends. To be sure he generally sides with the ministers; occasionally, on some trivial question or other, voting against them, in order to remind them of his "independence," and warn them that without convincing argument, and certain "weighty considerations," he is not always to be secured. Under these circumstances, the dedication of his little book to "William Holmes, Esq. M. P." the well-known whipper-in of ministerial party, may perhaps be considered rather an unnecessary act of submission for one whose choice was free; though the letter itself is too full of quiet point and satire to be quarrelled with on such hyper-critical grounds.

Mr. Jobbry begins by likening the said

Mr. Holmes to the Duke of Wellington, and dedicates his labours to him on the same principle that Colonel Napier dedicated his "Peninsular War" to the latter illustrious individual. "It was chiefly," he says, "under your kind superintendence that I had the satisfaction of exerting myself as an independent member, really and cordially devoted to the public good, during many anxious campaigns; and now, retired for ever from the busy scene, [for on the late Whig ascendancy, he withdrew from public life,] it is natural that I should feel a certain satisfaction in associating your respected name with this humble record. If the reform bill passes, which an offended Providence seems, I fear, but too likely to permit, your own far more brilliant and distinguished career as a patriotic senator is, probably, also drawing to a conclusion; and withdrawn, like me, to a rural retreat, in the calm repose of an evening hour, no longer liable to sudden interruption, it may serve to amuse your leisure to cast an eye over the unpretending narrative of scenes and events so intimately connected in my mind with the recollection of your talents, zeal, and genius, in what, though not generally so considered by the unthinking mass, I have long esteemed nearly the most important situation which any British subject can fill; but which, alas! is perhaps destined to pass away and be forgotten, amidst this general convulsion so fatal to the established institutions of a once happy and contented country. If, indeed, my dear and worthy friend, the present horrid measure be carried into full effect, it is but too plain that the axe will have been laid to the root of the British oak. The upsetting, short-sighted conceit of new-fangled theorems will not long endure either the aristocratic or the monarchic branches; and your old office, so useful and necessary even, under a well-regulated social system, will fall with the rest; for the sharp, dogged persons likely to be returned under the schedules, will need no remembrancer to call them to their congenial daily and nightly task of retrenchment and demolition."

The earnest unconsciousness of satire with which the above is written tells admirably, and the general blunt honesty with which Mr. Jobbry talks about his various scheming and chicanery, is in perfect keeping. Vide his manœuvres on first taking his seat:—

"No sooner had I, as it was stated in

the newspapers, taken the oaths and my seat, than I lifted my eyes and looked about me; and the first and foremost resolution that I came to, was, not to take a part at first in the debates. I was above the vain pretension of making speeches; I knew that a wholesome member of parliament was not talkative, but attended to solid business; I was also convinced, that unless I put a good price on my commodity, there would be no disposition to deal fairly by me. Accordingly, I resolved for the first week not to take my seat in any particular part of the house, but to shift from side to side with the speakers on the question, as if to hear them better; and this I managed in so discreet a manner, that I observed from the Friday night, when there was a great splore, that the ministers, from the Treasury bench, pursued me with their eyes to fascinate me, wondering, no doubt, with what side I would vote,—but I voted with neither. That same evening, more than two of my friends inquired of me what I thought of the question. By this I could guess that my conduct was a matter of speculation; so I said to them that, 'really, much was to be said on both sides; but I had made up my mind not to vote the one way or the other until I got a convincing reason.'

"This was thought a good joke, and so it was circulated through the house, inasmuch as that, when we broke up at seven o'clock on the Saturday morning, one of the ministers, a young soft-headed lad, took hold of me by the arm, in the lobby, and inquired, in a jocund manner, if I had got a convincing reason. I gave him thereupon a nod and a wink, and said, 'Not yet; but I expected one soon, when I would do myself the honour of calling upon him;' which he was very well pleased to hear, and shook me by the hand with a cordiality by common when he wished me good night,—'trusting,' as he said, 'that we should soon be better acquainted.' 'It will not be my fault,' quo' I, 'if we are not.'

"With that we parted; and I could see by the eye in my neck that he thought, with the light head of youth, that he had made a capital conquest by his condescension."

Mr. Jobbry, in his own little quiet way, does a great deal of good, and not much harm, the by judicious management of his patronage and influence,—procuring sundry little places of profit for sundry respectable individuals in the independent

borough of Frailtown, thereby securing the good-will of some, and entailing the jealousy and spleen of not a few by his over-anxiety to please too many at once. All the particulars of his provincial "diplomatics" are highly entertaining; but our next extract must be a further explanation of his doings in the house:—

"Several times, during my first session, I had a mind to speak; and, really, there were speeches spoken which were most instigating to me to hear, and provoking me to reply; but, somehow, my heart failed, and the session passed over without my getting up. This at the time was not very satisfactory to myself, and I dare say if the session had continued a little longer, I might have been so bold as to utter a few words: but during the recess I had a consultation with myself relative to my habits and abilities; and I came in consequence to a resolution, that, as I was not sure of possessing the talent of eloquence, never having tried it, I should not, without a necessity, make the endeavour,—a resolution which I have had great reason to rejoice in, because, in the second session, various questions were debated, that, if I had possessed a disposition to speak, I would have expressed myself in a manner that might not have been applauded by the public. My silence, therefore, enabled me to escape animadversion; and I was protected also from acquiring any of that parliamentary character, as to the choice of terms, to which I have been alluding. Thank Heaven! I have had gumption enough left to avoid assuming it; for verily it is a droll thing to hear men that are everlasting ciphers in the house, speaking, (when you meet with them at dinner,) across the table, as if they were the very *ora rotundas* of the Treasury bench.

"I had another advantage in resolving to be only a vote—and that was, it committed me upon but few questions; by which I was left free to do as I pleased with ministers, in case a change should take place between the two sides of the house. In all the regular business of government, my loyalty and principles led me to uphold the public service; but on those occasions when the outs and ins amused themselves with a field-day, or a benefit-night rather, I very often did not vote at all,—for I never considered pairing off before the division as fully of the nature of a vote; and several times, when the minister who had the management of the house spoke to me for going away before the debate was done, I explained to him why I did so, by saying that I always went off when I saw that the government party had the best of the argument, and thought that maybe if I had staid till the back of the bow-wows against them were up, I might be seduced from my allegiance, and constrained by their speeches to give a vote according to my consci-

ence, as it might be moulded by their oratory.

"I will not say, in a very positive manner, that all the members who pair off during the middle of a debate are actuated by the principle of fairness that I was; but some, no doubt, are; for it's really a hard thing for a man to be convinced by a speech from the opposition, and yet be obliged, by the principle that attaches him to the government, to give a vote against his conscience."

Although Mr. Jobbry purchased his seat of Mr. Probe for twelve hundred pounds, the latter gentleman, nevertheless, takes an early opportunity to undermine his interest in the borough, in favour of another aspirant. This conspiracy passes for a long time unsuspected; but at last, being discovered, Mr. Jobbry applies instantly to Mr. Tough, another of the craft, in whose company he sets off post haste for the field of dispute. We are obliged slightly to abridge the narrative of this contested election, which is happily told.

"In the course of the journey to Frailtown, we arranged together a very expedient system; and, as Mr. Tough said, 'we could not but succeed.' He was really a very clever and dexterous man, and I was so content with what he advised, that, being somewhat fatigued on the second night, I proposed that we should sleep at Beverington, which is a stage short of Frailtown, and which, being a considerable manufacturing town, has a much more commodious inn. To be sure, we might have gone to the hotel at Physickspring, a most capital house; but I had understood that the sedate inhabitants of the borough had no very affectionate consideration for that hotel; and therefore, as it was my business not to give offence to them, I thought it would be just as well to sleep at Beverington, and go on betimes in the morning to the borough.

"Accordingly we did so; and in the morning we resumed the remainder of the road, and were not a little surprised, when we were crossing the bridge of Frailtown, to hear vast shouts and huzzas rising from the heart of the town, and to see all hands, young and old, clodpoles and waggoners, all descriptions of persons, wearing purple and orange cockades, and bellowing, like idiots, 'Gabblon for ever!'

"My heart was daunted by the din, and Mr. Tough was just a provocation by his laughter; especially when, before we got to the Royal Oak inn, in the market-place, we met a great swarm of the ragamuffins drawing Mr. Gabblon and that neer-do-weel Probe, in their post-chaise, in triumph, without the horses. The latter, limb of Satan as he was, had suspected our journey, and had gone immediately to his client; off at once they

came from London, and while we, like the foolish virgins, were slumbering and sleeping at Beverington, they had passed on to Frailtown, and created all this anarchy and confusion.

"But the mischief did not end with that. The ettercap Probe, on seeing us, shouted in derision, and the whole mob immediately began to hallo and yell at us in such a manner, flinging dirt and unsavoury missiles at us, that we were obliged to pull up the blinds, and drive to the inn in a state of humiliation and darkness. To speak with decorum of this clever stratagem of the enemy, we were, in fact, greatly down in the mouth; and for some time after we got safe into the inn, we wist not well what to do. Gabblon and Probe were masters of the field, and Mr. Spicer was their herald every where."

At length it is recommended by one Isaac Gleaning, that they should send for a party of players, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, and hire them to amuse the mob, and 'throw funny squibs and jibes against Mr. Gabblon and his compeers:—

"By the time that the bellman had proclaimed these extraordinary tidings, all the players, tag, rag, and bob-tail, came over from Physickspring, and set about erecting a stage for their master and the clown in the market-place. They had brought their play-acting dresses; and they mingled in the crowd with Mr. Gabblon's clanjamfrey, insomuch that Macbeth king of Scotland, Hamlet the Dane, and Julius Caesar, were visible in the streets.

"Mr. Tough, who was in his way a wag, undertook to instruct Dr. Muckle-dose and his merry-andrew in what they should do; and the whole town was on such tiptoe of expectation, that Mr. Gabblon and his friends were in a manner deserted—and the multitude gathered in swarms and clusters round the stage, to secure good places to see the performance. In so far the device was successful beyond expectation, for Mr. Gabblon and his coadjutors found themselves obliged to return desjacket to the inn, so much superior were the attractions of the other mountebank.

"It was not, however, in this only that the counselling of old Isaac Gleaning was serviceable; he went about among the friends of Mrs. Stiches and her late husband, and gathered together about twenty of the topping inhabitants, whom I invited to dinner; and Mr. Gabblon and the bodie Probe having engaged themselves to dine with their patron, Mr. Spicer, we had a most jovial party.

"In the meantime it began to spunk out what a liberal man I was; and the whole mob were as pleased when they heard of the great dinner, as if every one had been an invited guest. Besides, when it was known that the players were hired

by me to come over to entertain the town after dark, they in a great body came to the fore part of the inn, and gave me their thanks in three most consolatory cheers. There was, however, a small popular error among them, for I had not bargained for more of the players than the manager and the clown; but Mr. Tough, who was a knowing hand, told me not to make two bites of the cherry, but to hire the Mason Lodge, and make the players a compliment for a gratis entertainment of songs and scenes for the edification of the people. This I agreed to do; so that long before the dinner was ready, the wind had changed, and Mr. Tough told me to be of good cheer, for we were sailing before it with a steady breeze.

"There was a curious thing in the constitution of the borough which well deserves to be mentioned here. By an ancient charter, the corporation consisted of six burgesses of repute, with the mayor at their head; but if, on any occasion of an election of a member for parliament, only five councillors happened to be present, and votes were even, the mayor had not a casting vote. To remedy this inconvenience, however, it was ordained, that the mayor should go to the market-place and summon, at the height of his voice, five burgesses by name, who were of a capacity competent to reckon five score and a half of hobnails; and these five burgesses he was to take with him to the town-hall, and they were then and there to give their opinion collectively and individually as to the candidate that should be preferred.

"This, it will be seen, was an arrangement fraught with inconvenience, especially in a contest where the candidates had about equal chances; and, accordingly, on some occasions it had been the practice at contravered elections to abstract one of the council, and thereby oblige the mayor to put in force the ancient alternative.

"Before my visit to Frailtown I had not heard of this abstruse charter, nor had Mr. Tough; but when we did hear of it, we were put a good deal to the stress of our ability to determine, when the election would come on, what should be done, especially as there was some risk that the ungrateful Mr. Spicer would be the new mayor before the day of election.

"As we had foreseen, Mr. Spicer was chosen mayor, and the day of election was appointed in the week following. Mr. Tough and I went down the day before, and had a consultation with old Isaac Gleaning, who was quite down-hearted; for he considered that Mr. Spicer, by the mayor's privilege, would carry the day, notwithstanding our majority in the council. But when he was informed of our intention to keep back one of our council

likewise, a new light broke in upon him.

"To make assurance certain, I would advise you," said he, "to try and get one of the Gabbion councillors taken off, and keep your own four on the spot."

"This was not, however, easy to be done; for as the attempt, not the deed, would confound us, it was hazardous to offer a consideration. He, however, undertook to negotiate the business, saying, that he was well acquainted with one of them, a James Curl, who was a hair-dresser. Still, this was a very difficult thing, and greatly tried our wits; but while we were in the perplexity, a young smart man, a friend of the Misses Stiches, came to the town, and presently old Isaac, as we called him, threw out a clever suggestion.

"I'll go," said he, "and bring young Tom Brag to you; and as Tom is in his way a blood, give him a sum of money, say five hundred pounds, and bid him go slyly to James Curl, and say to James that he has a great bet, in connexion with others, about cutting a particular man's hair in Beverington during the hours of the election; and I suspect, as James is not likely to make so much by the Gabbion job, that he'll take the money.

"Five hundred pounds went to my heart like the sting of an adder; but it could not be helped, and I consented. But, to our great consternation, James Curl would have nothing to do with Tom's wager. James was an upright patriot, and, as he said himself, in a general election, England expected every man to do his duty, and he was determined to do his. In short, the plan would not take, and we were driven to our wit's end; for, saving James Curl, Tom Brag had no influence nor acquaintance. Late in the evening we were very dull on the subject; and at last said Mr. Tough:—

"We must keep back one of our own men, or find out where their man is to be concealed, for concealed he will be, and constrain him to the town-hall."

"Now, as James Curl was above purchase, it was clear that Aaron Worsted, the wool-comber, would be the abstracted; and, accordingly, it was determined to watch him. Luckily this was resolved upon in good time; for, just as we were speaking, a man came into the room where we were sitting, and brought out of an inner apartment a large bass-viol in a case, which he carried away. The thing attracted no attention at the time; but, very much to our surprise, soon after another man came back with the naked bass-viol, and put it back into the room.

"Ha, ha!" said Mr. Tough, "what time are they playing, to keep the case and send back the fiddle?"

"Old Isaac clapped his hands, and, with a sniggering laugh, said—'I have caught them. Aaron Worsted is a very

small man—he could very easily be stowed in the case; and I'll wager my ears and my eyes that it's for his use that the case has been borrowed.'

"And with that he rose; and among some of the servants down stairs he did learn that the case was taken to the house of the mayor, which left no doubt on the subject, but assured us that Aaron Worsted was to be hidden therein. Now, the next thing to be done was to get him, in the case, transported to the town-hall, to be ready in the hour of need to be brought forth; and this was not very easily managed. But just, however, when the council was assembling, and the mayor was in the town-hall, by a device of Mr. Tough, a countryman, taken from the market-place, went with his cart to Mr. Spicer's house, along with a groom of my lord's, a cunning chap, whom, for a guinea and the pleasure of the spree, Mr. Tough sent to the mayor's wife, to say that he was come for the bass fiddle that ought to have been sent to the castle that morning. Poor Mrs. Spicer, like an innocent daffodil, knowing his lordship's livery, never doubted the message, and consented that the bass-viol should be delivered to him, which was done. But instead of taking his way to the castle, he conducted the cart, with it, to the town-hall, and, with the help of the countryman and others, brought up the case and its contents into the room where we were all assembled, and laid it down on the floor as a musical instrument. But, by some accident, the lid was laid downmost, at which the poor Mr. Worsted within was almost suffocated, and began to heave and endeavour to roll about. In short, he was relieved from durance vile, and the election, with a full board, proceeded; so that Mr. Spicer, for all his stratagems, was obliged to return me duly elected.

With this we conclude our extracts from this very clever work, for which we are indebted to the talented pen of Mr. Galt. We cannot too highly praise the just discrimination and taste with which the whole tenor of the narrative has been dictated, and the ease and correctness with which the nicer points and shades of character have been preserved. Our auto-biographer, though "unaccustomed to public speaking," is occasionally permitted to sketch down his opinions on the various questions of reform, retrenchment, free-trade, Catholic emancipation, &c. but here, though considerable shrewdness is observable, the author takes care not to bring him too clearly to the rights of the matter, always forsaking him in the midst of his perplexity, with nothing but his good intentions to bear him company. There are some clever aphorisms, and smart sayings, scattered through these pages, which we may from time to time extract.

NORMAN ABBEY.

Norman Abbey; a Tale of Sherwood Forest.
3 Vols. Cochrane and Co.

"To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"—and of all mortals who are more unfairly used than poets?—their writings stolen, interpolated and distorted—their names and memories libelled and misrepresented. The history of Lord Byron has been pretty unceremoniously handled both before and after death, and has afforded wide scope for the fertile imaginings of a numerous host of self-named "biographers;" but it has never fallen to his lot to be uniformly *novel-ized* in a "reg'lar built" three-volumer till now—for we can see little doubt but our fair authoress had the poet and the poet's history in view when she penned the adventures of the young lord Evelyn Fontayne,—Norman Abbey being a misnomer, for which read "Newstead," and the date being some hundred or more years in arrears.

This is certainly a new idea, and curious on account of its novelty, but we very much wish, both for the sake of the poet and the fair authoress of these pages, that her talents and invention had been otherwise applied. The dark mysteries of that noble and unhappy genius, which have puzzled, and will long continue to puzzle, many and deep logicians and philosophers, are not to be easily penetrated by the "single eye" of female sagacity; and the complicated machinery of his mind, which has hitherto foiled the united inquiries of the ablest mechanical moralists, and which, when they could not understand its workings, they broke and disordered through their clumsy intervention, is surely not for the feeble hand of female wisdom to set in motion. This attempt has, therefore, proved a failure, leaving us only to wish that it had failed still more of pointing out its intended identity. As *Evelyn Fontayne*, our hero might be entertaining enough; but whilst the shade of Byron is continually hovering about the memory, the result is sorry disappointment. That our readers may judge for themselves in this matter, we shall make one or two extracts from the second volume, where the youth of the would-be philosopher and sentimentalist is described. He is made an odd mixture of puerility and pedantry.

First Touch of Misanthropy.—"One fine morning, at the latter end of the first year which he had spent at Fontainville, Evelyn, who was on the look-out for an adventure, espied a party of youths about his own age issuing from the neighbouring hamlet, armed with hooked sticks and satchels, apparently in the direction of his favourite haunt, the coppice wood. Evelyn, who guessed that they were bound upon a nutting excursion, as he watched them at a considerable distance, felt a

very natural inclination to join the rustic band. Darting forward on full speed, he came up to the foremost of the group, and gaily volunteered his services, with the easy confidence of one who feels well assured of a hearty welcome. To his inexpressible surprise and mortification, his condescension did not seem at all appreciated by these humble villagers. Apparently anxious to decline the honour of the young lord's company, yet afraid or ashamed of uttering a denial, the silent company hung down their heads sheepishly, every now and then casting a suspicious glance upon their strange comrade. Resenting this scrutiny, Evelyn repeated his offer, with a forbidding haughtiness of manner and tone, which unfortunately served to increase their dislike to his society. At length one of the bigger lads said bluntly—

"'You are a great lord, and we are but poor boys. You will tell the parson or my lady, if we don't please you, mayhap, an' we shall get thrashed for not lettin' you have your own way; an' we mean to ha' a bit o' fun, you see.'

"'Ah! we'd better go by our sens' returned another stripling. 'Master Ralph tould feather o' me t'other day, cause my lord set me on a job he didn't like.'

"At these words, the young scion of nobility turned away with as bitter a feeling of anguish, as if, instead of being held of too high importance, he had suffered a personal degradation. He felt that he had rather have been reproached for ignoble birth, than view himself at this immeasurable distance from his species. This incident, trivial as it may appear, sank deep into his mind. He spent the whole day in the solitude of that rocky cave to which we have before alluded, brooding in secrecy and solitude over the desolation of his condition.

"Buried in gloomy reflections, the pensive boy sat with his eyes intently but unheedingly fixed upon the moss-covered fragments of rock piled up at one corner of the cavern, to form a rude altar.

"'Why am I a lord?' thought he; 'every body shuns me as they would the plague. My mother scolds me if I disobey her orders; and these lads mock at me for a spoiled child. Ah! it is not like bonnie Scotland after all; the gassoons there would run at my feet for miles and miles. But here it is so dull! no play nor playmates! nothing but the parson and my lady mother scolding me, and saying that I dinna behave like a lord! How should I ken what a lord ought to say or do? I wish I was at Castle Invercald again, and away from this ugly place, where the sun is bright and people's hearts so cold! I wad we might gang awa' fra the auld priory; what is it to me? I canna find a playfellow, and my lady gets crosser every day.'

"Smothered sighs burst from the oppressed bosom of Evelyn, and tears of burning indignation rushed to his eyes. How slight a shade will give a deep and lasting colouring to the imagination! From his time, a tinge of melancholy infected Evelyn's gayest moments, and his most boisterous mirth would suddenly be interrupted by a passing cloud of involuntary sadness; whilst, on the contrary, a frenzied delirium of mirth would seize upon him in the midst of care and despondency."

His School Adventures.—"How different from the quiet tenour of his past existence was the scene which now burst upon the youth, newly launched upon that epitome of the world—a public school! Westminster was, at that time, under the dominion of a severe and inflexible judge—the formidable Busby, of memorable and vindictive fame. Wo to the titled dunce who came under special cognizance of this legitimate tyrant, and still greater peril to the daring idler who brought a lesson half learnt, or an exercise imperfectly translated, unless he possessed wit and impudence enough to hazard an extemporaneous effusion! The inquest held over poor Evelyn's abilities on his first arrival was a most formidable trial of patience; nor did the decision compensate for the nervous, trembling anxieties called into question during an investigation which lasted upwards of an hour. In short, the young Lord Fontayne, at the close of the examination, was pronounced by the mighty pedagogue to be *non compos mentis!* which every fool in these learned times understands to imply a little deficiency in the upper stories.

"This opinion was received with an air of silent disdain, which nearly provoked the dignitary to inflict a severe penalty for contempt of court; but he restrained his anger under the confident assurance that a very short time would allow him the free exercise of his redoubtable prerogative. One of the tutors alone, a modest-looking, unassuming personage, secretly differed in opinion from the superior. This man was a shrewd observer, and, from long experience and reflection upon the human mind, had become mistrustful of first appearances. There was something in Evelyn's fine open brow, in the latent fire which occasionally lit up his features, and in the beaming smile which tempered their too keen vivacity, which appeared to indicate no inconsiderable portion of native talent, however obscured by neglect. 'I hate your precose geniuses,' he would say; 'the richest and rarest flowers are the longest in coming to perfection; ill weeds grow apace.'

"Of this single exception in his favour, Evelyn was not at the time aware. Another mortification attended him on his return to the school room. His school-fellows got round him in a body, and,

after scrutinizing his person, in order to detect any constitutional defect, or habitual awkwardness, they next began to interrogate him on various points, which they seemed to consider of prime importance; such as—'whether he was a good hand at a battle?'—'how many games he knew?'—and lastly—'how much pocket-money he had brought with him?' Evelyn shrank from this unceremonious treatment, so different to what he had been accustomed. His companions ascertained that he was a lord, and what was an unpardonable offence, that he was a *poor* lord. Evelyn's haughty manners at the first interview moreover assured them that he was a *proud* one.

"With one accord they agreed to make him their butt. One of the lads detecting a slight infusion of Scotch in his answers, nicknamed him 'The Frith of Forth'; another asked him the 'value of his estate if it was well sold'; and a third 'wondered such a fine scholar should come to be taught over again.'

"Evelyn answered the first insult, by tripping his adversary head-over-heels; the second observation he merely noticed by pulling a handful of silver out of his pocket, and bidding the lesser boys scramble for his quarter's allowance; whilst the third attack he met with silent scorn. The spirited conduct of the young nobleman soon changed the current of public opinion! he was found to be no trivial opponent—no weak, puling sprig of nobility. On the contrary, Lord Fontayne was proved to be a lad of undoubted courage, and the foremost in all athletic and manly exercises. He defended the weak, took the part of the injured, and became the dread of every petty tyrant. Nevertheless, the dull routine of scholastic exercises was his utter aversion, and, as his ideas flowed quicker than his words, he was not, at this early period, endowed with that facility of expression which prompts the quick reply. On this account he made little progress in the estimation of the learned doctor, whose wisdom had just discerned his mental deficiencies. Weary of perpetual confinement, and stung by the degradation of corporeal chastisement to which he was subjected, how gladly did Evelyn hail the close of the first year which had beheld him an inmate of the classic regions of Westminster!"

Our next is a rustic wedding, giving rise to some pertinent remarks from Evelyn:

"Meantime, Evelyn had reached the church, and joined the rustic group assembled to witness the bridal ceremony. The bridegroom, a raw-boned sheepish-looking youth, was just in the act of passing the ring over the coarse finger of the bride, a coy, buxom maiden, whose colour mounted into a crimson glow upon her freckled cheek.

"The attendant satellites gazed in mute wonderment at the mystic ceremony, whilst the majority of the idle lookers on, with waggish glances, and broad grins upon their sun-burnt faces, were bent upon the malicious purpose of disconcerting the bridal party. Twice did the officiating minister close the book, and again recommence operations; but in vain. The giggles of the young damsels, and the comic faces of the youths, disconcerted his gravity, and he threw aside the book with a frown of high displeasure. The austerity of the good minister's countenance acted as an immediate sedative. The whole assembly composed their faces into a becoming seriousness; order was instantly restored, and the ceremony proceeded without farther interruption. Evelyn watched the rural group with curiosity, and amused himself with deciphering the different feelings pictured upon their varying physiognomies.

"'Here is nature,' mused he, 'pure, undisguised nature; so, at least, philosophers would say, who tell us that art is banished to the city, and would have us believe innocence and a country life are synonymous. Now, I know for certain, that one half of these smirking lads and lasses may thank their stars they were not born in Scotland, and the other half of the stupid boors are more knaves than fools.'

"And with this satire trembling upon his lips, the young cynic, with dropping eye, and folded arms, leaned against one of the mouldy pillars, rudely carved with grotesque figures, till the conclusion of the service roused him from his abstraction.

"The rude crosses of the young couple were now attached to the clear, legible handwriting of the minister, who, commanding silence with his hand, delivered a short address upon the nature of conjugal duties. The simple and affectionate style in which he pressed upon his hearers the solemnity of an engagement, ratified and confirmed by divine sanctions, the earnestness and fervency with which he urged upon them their responsibility, as immortal and accountable creatures, added to the full, powerful accents of a voice remarkable for clearness and depth of intonation, riveted the attention of the awe-struck group, and came upon their minds like the strong testimony of internal conviction. All involuntarily and with one accord, turned towards the altar, making a low obeisance at the nuptial blessing.

"The young lord for a moment felt quelled, under the influence of a superior and controlling power; and, withdrawing from observation, bent his head in silent reverence."

His profession of love:—

"Evelyn spoke not a word, his eye sparkled, his cheek grew flushed with

agitation, whilst his excited feelings, overcoming his constitutional timidity, inspired him with unwonted courage. Taking the hand of Bertha, he gently drew her a few paces forward, towards that part of the chancel where Lady Grace had lately erected a tablet to the memory of her husband.

"'Bertha,' said he, in a tremulous voice, 'we are standing on the very spot where my great-uncle and your grandfather lie buried. See where the hand of fate has registered the noble deeds of Richard de la Fontayne and his illustrious brothers. See also where the virtues of the Lady Elizabeth, his second wife, are recorded by the finger of Truth. She was all that the fondest parent could be to my mother; and the poor were her children, for she had none of her own. I swear by the sacred name you adore, that I will not prove unworthy my high lineage: and O, Bertha!' added he, with starting tears and quivering voice, 'be to me what this lady was to my noble ancestor—be my guardian saint—my better genius—my——' he stopped short, for Bertha grew suddenly agitated and disquieted, as if some unwelcome truth had darted into her mind. Struggling to recover her composure, she said in a faint, hurried tone—

"'Evelyn, how you surprise me! Good gracious! who could have dreamt that such views ever entered your bosom? Are we not cousins? As such, let us live in friendship and unity; what would you desire more?'

"'Friendship! unity!' cried he, reproachfully. 'Ah! Bertha, what cold words! Have you then no regard for me?'

"'Yes,' replied Bertha; 'I regard and love you as tenderly as—'

"'As what?' asked Evelyn, with impetuosity.

"'As the fondest sister loves her only brother,' replied she.

"'No more, Bertha? Is that all you have to bestow?'

"'You are hard upon me, Evelyn, and task my affections too much. I have said that I regarded you; but do you think I could go so far as to marry the son of one who brought death and sorrow into our unhappy family? Besides, you are too young,' said she, forcing a smile, to mitigate the severity of her remark,—'much too young, Evelyn, to think of love.'

"'Ridicule my infirmity as you like, Bertha,' returned Evelyn, not a little piqued at the levity of his fair cousin; 'I find people don't always practise what they preach. You tell me to love my enemies; and yet you visit the sins of the father upon the children! Bertha! Bertha! be not false to your own generous heart. Revenge, cold calculating revenge, can have no place in that gentle bosom. Lionel Courtenay is the enemy whom I

must learn not to hate; for he, alas! is the envied object of your fond regards. Speak, Bertha, speak! have I not interpreted aright the language of that blushing cheek?"

"These words, spoken in the bitterness of undissembled anguish, received neither assent nor contradiction from her to whom they were uttered; and Evelyn, wounded to the quick by this silent confirmation of his worst fears, wrung the hand which he held, with violence, and darting through the side entrance, disappeared in a moment."

The above specimens will give a pretty tolerable idea of the main features of the work, which will doubtless excite the curiosity of a large portion of the reading world. In other respects these pages are nearly as wild and romantic as was the character of their prototype. They are a vast collection of *varia* readings, about a vast number of people, who meet with adventures innumerable, giving rise to observations on morals and manners which are sometimes entertaining, but generally tedious. The authoress seems to have written *con amore*, and felt and enjoyed all that she wrote, but has certainly not paid sufficient attention in the other very important departments of composition—viz. curtailment and adjustment. To professed novel-skimmers, however, this need be no objection, for the volumes are rather longer than usual, and the cream quite as plentiful and easy of attainment.

SPANISH SKETCHES.

Spain in 1830. By H. D. Inglis. 2 vols. Whittaker and Co.

WE are sorry that we had not an opportunity of perusing these entertaining and intelligent volumes when first they made their appearance. They are full of anecdotes, shrewd remarks, and curious historical and political memoranda, from which the following extracts are selected:—

Surplus Salutation.—"There is one very unpleasant thing connected with a promenade on the Prado, whether in a carriage or on foot; this is the necessity of paying honour to every branch of the royal family, however frequently they may pass along. Every carriage must stop, and those within must take off their hats, or if the carriage be open stand up also; and every person on foot is expected to suspend his walk, face about, and bow, with his head uncovered. When the king passes, no one perhaps feels this to be a grievance; because, however little respect the king may in reality be entitled to from his subjects, it is felt to be nothing more than an act of common good breeding to take off one's hat to a king; but I have fifty times seen all this homage paid to a royal carriage with a nurse and an infant—not an *infanta*—in it; and one evening I was absolutely driven from the Prado by the

unceasing trouble of being obliged to acknowledge the royal presence every few minutes, the spouse of the Infante Don Francis having found amusement in cantering backward and forward during an hour at least. From the expected homage, no one is exempt: even the foreign ambassadors must draw up, rise, and uncover themselves, if but a sprig of royalty in the remotest degree, and of the tenderest age, happens to drive past. Both the British and the American ministers told me, that for that reason they never went to the Prado."

"*There is a great paucity of Cafés in Madrid*; excepting the Café de Santa Catalina, and another, the name of which I forget, in the neighbourhood of the Prado, there is only the Fontana de Oro, in the Calle de San Geronimo. But it is not likely that there should be many coffee-houses in a country where there are no newspapers. Both in France and in England, the majority of persons who frequent coffee-houses, go to read the newspapers; but in Spain, no one enters a coffee-room except to sip iced water. During the forenoon, indeed, the doors of the cafés, excepting the Fontana de Oro, are generally shut, and nobody is within. An Englishman, or a Frenchman, who is accustomed to connect with a coffee-room, half-a-dozen public journals, organs of intelligence and public opinion, upon subjects connected with his political rights, and with the state of his country, is instantly reminded, on entering a Spanish coffee-room, of the degraded political condition of the country he is in: and the difference between the enjoyment and the want of political rights is forcibly thrust upon him. He takes up the *Gaceta de Madrid*, and finds there a royal ordinance, breathing vengeance against those who desire to be restored to their homes and their country; and whose prayers are for its happiness. He turns over the leaf, and he finds another ordinance, declaring that the universities shall be closed, and education suspended, during his majesty's pleasure; and he then looks for the comment upon these facts; but he looks in vain. He sees that his majesty and the royal family enjoy good health; that the king has appointed a bishop to one cathedral; and that the bishop has named a canon to another; and that the procession of *St. Rosalio* will issue from the convent of *St. Thomas*, precisely at four o'clock next day; but he sees not a syllable about the ordinances that deal out injustice, or strangle improvement; and he says within himself, this is the most wonderful country under the sun; for here, intellect wields no power."

Ceremony of taking the Veil.—"At the hour appointed, the abbess entered the room on the other side of the grating, accompanied by all the nuns, and by several ladies, friends and relatives of the

novice. She entered a moment after; and immediately knelt down, with her face towards the grating, so that I had a near and distinct view of her. She was attired in the novice's robe of pure white, and wore a crown of flowers upon her head. She seemed scarcely more than sixteen. Her countenance was gentle, sweet, and interesting; there was an expression of seriousness, but not of sadness, in her face; and a skin, fairer than usually falls to the lot of Spanish women, was sensibly coloured with a fine carnation—the glow of youth, and health, and happiness, yet lingering on her cheek; and connecting her with the world of light, and life, and freedom, about to close upon her for ever.

"The administrator now entered by the chapel, and placed himself in a chair close to where I was stationed, and at the side of an opening in the grating of about a foot square. The novice then rose, and walking forward to the grating, presented him with a paper, which he read aloud; this was the act of renunciation of all property, then and for ever; and during this ceremony the novice retired and knelt as before, holding in her hand a long lighted taper, with which the abbess presented her. The preparatory service then commenced by reading and chanting; and this, although monotonous, was pleasing and impressive, according well with the solemnity of the scene that had introduced it; and in this service the novice joined, with a clear sweet voice, in which nothing of emotion could be distinguished. When this was concluded, the novice again rose, and advanced to the grating, and pronounced slowly and distinctly the three vows that separate her from the world,—chastity, poverty, and obedience. Her voice never faltered; nor could I perceive the slightest change of countenance; the colour only seemed to be gradually forsaking her. The lady abbess, who stood close by her side, wept all the while. Ah! if each tear could have told why it flowed, what a history might have been unfolded. Indignation was the feeling produced in my mind. I wished for the cannon of the Constitutionals, to throw down these most odious of prisons; and even to the priest, who stood by me in his crimson and gilded surplice, I could not restrain myself from saying, half audibly, '*Que infamia!*'"

"When the vows that could never be recalled had been pronounced by this misguided child, she stepped back, and threw herself prostrate upon the ground—this is the act confirmatory of her vows—symbolical of death, and signifying that she is dead to the world. The service was then resumed—a bell continued slowly to toll; and the priest read; while the nuns who stood around their new-made sister, responded—'dead to the world—separated from kindred—bride of Heaven!' and the

nun who lies prostrate is supposed, at the same time, to repeat to God in secret, the vows she has already pronounced aloud. When this was concluded, a slow organ peal, and a solemn swell of voices rose, and died away; and the abbess then raised the nun from the ground, and embraced her; and all the other nuns and her relations also embraced her. I saw no tear upon any cheek, excepting upon the cheek of the abbess, whose face was so full of benignity, that it half reconciled me to the fate of the young initiated who had vowed obedience to her. When she had embraced every one, she again knelt for a few moments, and then approached the grating along with the abbess; and the priest handed to the abbess through the opening, the vestments of a nun. Then came the last act of the drama:—the crown was lifted from her head; the black vestment was put on, and the girdle and the rosary; and the black hood was drawn over her head; she was now a nun, and she again embraced the abbess and all the sisters. Still I could not discover a single tear, excepting on the cheek of the abbess, who continued to weep almost without ceasing to the very end: the countenance of the young nun remained unmoved. The crown was again replaced upon her head, to be worn all that day; the sacrament was administered, and one last embrace by friends and relations terminated the scene."

"The priest, who had led me to hope that I might be permitted to visit the interior of the convent, did not disappoint me. This convent is one of the most complete, and the best fitted up of any in Madrid. No one enters it who cannot bring to its treasury a considerable fortune; and its accommodations are accordingly upon a scale of corresponding comfort. In company with the priest and the portress, an old nun, I went over the greater part of the building. The accommodations of each nun consist of a small parlour and a dormitory adjoining, and a small kitchen. The nuns do not eat in company. The dinners are separately cooked, and the whole is then carried to a public room, where it is blessed; and again carried back to the separate apartments, where each nun eats alone. The little parlours of the nuns are plain and clean; the walls white-washed, and the floors generally matted; but the room is without any fire-place, and contains a table and two chairs. The beds are extremely small, and extremely hard; and upon the table, in every dormitory, there is a crucifix. Among other parts, I was conducted to the chamber of the new-made nun. The bed was strewn with flowers, marigolds, and dahlias, and a crown of jilly-flowers lay upon the pillow. Here every thing was new; yet all would grow old along with the inmate. A new bright lamp stood upon the table; and as I

looked at it, I could not avoid the picture that presented itself in fancy—the dull light falling upon the white wall; and the silent inmate of the chamber with her book and rosary, through the long chill evenings of winter;—what a contrast from the picture of a cheerful home!"

Mr. Inglis's observations on the state of parties and society in general, in Spain, are particularly worthy of perusal, but too extensive to be done justice to in our limited columns.

MR. LEIGH HUNT'S NOVEL.

Sir Ralph Esher; or, Adventures of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles II. 3 Vols. Colburn and Bentley.

MR. LEIGH HUNT'S novel being at length published, though rather late in the week, we have taken a hasty survey of its contents, from which we cannot but admire the talent and ingenuity displayed in their composition and arrangement, though at the same time we regret that so much ability and labour should have been thrown away upon so worthless a subject. There, surely, is folly and wickedness enough in our own day, without going back to the obsolete absurdities of the licentious and foolish court of Charles the Second, England's "merry monarch."

That much time and study have been bestowed upon these pages is evident, from the anxiety with which the style of language, as well as the manners and fashions of the above period have been kept in view;—the effect being quaint and sedate beyond compare, and little inviting to the free-and-easy readers of the present day. Nor can we believe that, dull and frivolous as our modern fashionable novels are, the antiquated puerilities of our prim forefathers will meet with equal toleration at the hands of the public. The slip-slop readers will find these pages dry, whilst the curious student will look for something more substantial than they afford.

The following is a specimen of the somewhat long-winded pleasantries, which are here very plentiful. Ralph Esher is lamenting the want of *éclat* attendant upon his first appearance at court, and angry at not having been introduced there, "on the strength of his own merits, or for some proper achievement."

"Killigrew laughed ready to burst, when I told him of these fancies. 'Faith,' said he, 'Ralph, now you have done it! Some proper achievement, quotha! And where are the proper achievements that have brought all these gentlemen to court, or got them their honours? Let them bring out their 'scutcheons of pretence, and their foolscaps of maintenance; and yours, Ralph, shall be among the first, with the lady's feather in it. Let me see—*Chi mi dira, come sangue si fa?* as they say in Italy. You remember that grave-looking gentleman the other day, who

bowed so politely to my Lady Castlemain, and then went and kissed her child, when she had done with it. Oh, ho!—you blush, I see, to think how he got his title! Well, you simpleton, there is another earl, he that was not an hundred miles off the king's person the other night at her ladyship's supper. If Bab May be not an earl next, it will not be his fault. He has produced as many fair titles; or Mrs. Russell swears falsely as well as grievously. Then Elliot—do you know how Elliot's father got his title? Why truly, because he deserved to be hung. The old court fined him a good swinging sum for killing a man; but wanting his service afterwards, they were too poor to refund; and so they made him a knight. Your duke—I need not tell you about your duke. He is a duke, to be sure, because his father was one, which is meritorious; but the father became a duke, not because he had done so great a thing as pick up a lady's feather, but because he knew how to wear a feather of his own. The rogue dressed himself into a dukedom. Of scandals I say nothing. Stick we to real achievements. Fielding married velvet-cap's sister, and so he became Earl Denbigh. St. Albans is an earl, because he married an old woman; and Orrery, because he was kind enough not to be able to kill us all in his friend Oliver's time. Then, Sir Winston Churchill hath an achievement, called a daughter; the duke hath incorporated it into his own arms. You know 'Okey's little chaplain,' (as they call him,) who is so busy now? He has a title, and offices, and God knows how many thousand pounds besides, by reason of his being despised by everybody for a traitor and hypocrite; nor can even his five mistresses help him to a good name. But he is useful, you rogue; so we despise and pay him. Now you are only innocent and agreeable, Ralph, and must needs have a conscience; and so you have an ill-paid little salary, on which you give pretty suppers. These, however, will get you into debt; so there are hopes of you. Nay, sir, I doubt you will be a very pretty rascal in time. Why didn't you have a mother of the name of Barlow, and get born over seas? You dance well enough. You might have been a duke ere this, and not had a word to say for yourself; and then nobody would have grudged you the feathers of all the turtles in Christendom."

Our next extract is a regular school-boy's game of romps, which, like most gambols of the kind, can have only been amusing to the parties concerned:—

Nell Gwynne and Charles II.—"The little actress, (Nell Gwynne,) who was as agile off the stage as upon it, where she danced to admiration, had got up in a tree one morning, to eat cherries. It was in an orchard which the king had given the actors, on condition of their supplying him every week with a cherry tart, which

Nelly was to bring to him on a lawn, before the summer-house, dancing all the way. She had struck out a fancy of that sort in a dance at the end of a comedy, where she brought a casket to an Indian prince; and with this performance his majesty had been wonderfully pleased. The homage of the tart had been exhibited once at Hampton, and with great applause; the little jade twirling about, putting a world of grace into her movements, and bringing the pasty aloft in her hands, as if it had been a thing to worship.

"The king had heated himself a little with shooting; and, casting his eyes towards the orchard, he had a mind for some of the cherries. Lord Buckhurst accordingly went forward to get some. His lordship had his gun in his hand; Miss Stewart was by, with her silver popper; and a little party had gathered together, as soon as his majesty had done shooting. Buckhurst had proceeded half-way, when the king called out to him to see what bird that was in one of the trees; and whether he could not bring it him. 'But mind,' said his majesty, 'if you shoot it, you must try and not hurt the feathers.' The end of Nelly's gown was hanging on the tree, and his majesty took her for a peacock.

"Buckhurst comes up. He discerns the peacock to be a lady, and takes it for one of the merry body of the maids. 'Ho! my pretty bird,' quoth he, 'you are the king's property, and must come down. Who is it? which of all our fair doves, or falcons gentle?'

"Nelly was hiding her face and laughing. She knew Buckhurst well. He was a frequenter of the play-house; and furthermore, he had been much struck with her conduct towards the memory of poor Dick, so that it was thought he would fain have consoled himself with her company for the coyness of Lord Falmouth's widow.

"'Oh, my lord,' said Nelly, putting her rosy face between the boughs, 'do you catch birds as the Irishman did, by shaking the tree? I shall fly away.'

"'Ay,' said Buckhurst, 'but I have my gun.'

"'Lord! and must you shoot?' returned Nelly; 'what men you must be!'

"'The whole court are here,' said his lordship. 'Miss Stewart, with her terrible silver, and all; so you see there is no chance. The prettier the dove, the worse for you.'

"'But I have not got my tart.'

"'Never mind; you are a singing-bird, sweet Nelly, and we will be content this time with the song without the dance. Or, now I think of it, you shall be the tart yourself—singing-birds make good pies. How should you like to be in a pasty, with the toes of your slippers peeping out at the top.'

"'I have a great mind to pelt you all

with cherries,' quoth the stage Venus; I'll begin with you as a sample.'

"'Pelt away. The cherries the birds peck are the sweetest.'

"The little woodlark and her fowler were in the midst of these pretty speeches, the substance of which was afterwards gathered from the parties, (for it is astonishing how much was made of this adventure, and with how much discourse it furnished our stately souls,) when somebody was heard coming up. It was Tom Vernon, come to say that the king was impatient. Nelly, who had visited the orchard to pluck fruit, not only for herself, but her friends, (Mr. Hart intending a general feast that day,) had had a great hamper brought thither, capacious as the generosity of her intentions. 'My lord,' said she, 'being a singing-bird, I must have a cage; and, being stouter than singing-birds in ordinary, I will try your prowess, for you shall carry me.' 'Nothing can be better,' replied the gallant, 'unless the cage were away, and I had the bird to myself.' So down comes Nelly into the basket, and his lordship and Tom Vernon take her up, and set out for the open field. Nelly said such merry things all the way, that it was with difficulty they acted the part of proper sportsmen who had bagged their game.

"The king wondered to see his chamberlain and page coming with a great hamper. He waited with impatience till it could be set before him, fully expecting to see some extraordinary lame bird that had got into the orchard, and had been caught so easily.

"'Tis a woodlark,' cried Buckhurst, 'the finest your majesty ever saw.'

"'A woodlark, and in a hamper!' quoth the king; 'Odsfish, man, you have made love to so many goldsmiths' wives, you have become a cockney. You don't know a lark from a peacock.'

"'If it's a peacock,' returned Buckhurst, 'I'll be a citizen's wife myself.'

"As he spoke, the hamper was set down, and the lid thrown open, and the king, stooping with great earnestness to see what it contained, Nelly took his face in her hand, and shook it. A laugh ensued, in which his majesty joined, not without some confusion. The little actress perceived it, and said, 'Pardon me, sir, but I am intoxicated.'

"'How, Nelly,' cried the king, 'intoxicated, and so soon in the morning!'

"Nelly could not help laughing at the gravity with which this was uttered, and the possibility it implied; for drinking was none of her faults, though greater ladies were accused of it. But she repressed her merriment in an instant.

"'Sir,' said she, 'I am always intoxicated, or I should not behave as I do,' (and then dropping a curtesy into the hamper, and holding some of her cherries in her hand, in the prettiest manner in

the world,)—'it is with your majesty's goodness.'

"'Faith, little one,' said the king, 'you are both merry and wise; and I know not two better things.' He graciously assisted her in getting out of her cage, took some of the cherries, and dismissed her with one of his most fatherly pinches on the cheek."

By way of contrast, let us take a sketch of the times of the plague, which is surely gloomy enough, and considering all that De Foe had already written upon the subject, might have been dispensed with:

"On entering Holborn, I was surprised to see all the people walking in the middle of the street. They had done so, in fact, in the other streets, but the narrowness of the latter had hindered me from noticing it. The silence was still remarkable, broken only by those remote sounding cries of which I have spoken, by the noise of a few coaches, and by the sound of a church bell, as if it were some rainy Sunday evening. It was noon, however; not a drop of rain had fallen for weeks; the air was sultry to the last degree; and the fires that were burning here and there, though lit on purpose, and of use in purifying it, added to the sense of oppressiveness. Yet the people had their coats buttoned up, and their necks muffled, as if they feared every breath of the atmosphere.

"I had heard of a man who went about crying—'Yet forty days and London will be destroyed;' and of another, who, half naked, and never stopping to answer questions, hurried unceasingly through the streets, looking frightfully before him, and exclaiming—'O the great and the dreadful God!' I saw nothing of this; nor were the looks of the passengers, as far as I noticed, different from what they usually appeared in that careful part of the town; only they were more silent, and now and then the general attention was directed to the bustle at some door, where a person in sick clothes was brought out to be taken into a coach. But nobody stopped. I saw one of these persons go by in a coach, for I could not help looking in. It was a woman, as pale as the sheet that wrapped her. She had her mouth open, and cast a dull glazed look at me; but I quickly turned my eyes. The stream of passengers was now and then painfully interrupted by some one in liquor, not always a man; nor was it possible to know whether the drunken person was afflicted or merely brutal. One of these, a woman, after reeling everybody out of the way, fell with such weight on the ground, that I instinctively ran to pick her up; when the rest cried out to me not to touch her, and presently there was a call of 'Cart! Cart!' Upon which the cart made its appearance, that took people of this sort to the pest-house. It is supposed that many persons got dreadfully

punished in this way for their intoxication; for the cart itself was enough to infect them. The sickness exhibited itself, sometimes in the universal languor of the frame, sometimes in raging fevers, and often in boils and blains, which caused the sufferer the acutest agony. It was brought from Holland by infected goods; and detained by dirt and by narrow streets. Those stood the best chance of escaping who kept themselves cleanest, and were of the liveliest temper.

"But what I had seen in this great open thoroughfare, however awful for its silent multitude, all avoiding the houses, was nothing to what I encountered in a lane, turning from Newgate-street into Little Britain. The riotous taverns and public-houses, of which I had been told, I did not witness anywhere, though doubtless they existed. I fancied, by the noise, that I might have passed one upon Snow-hill; but there was none of that riot and swearing at open windows, which in this desperate situation of things, it was both too shocking to think of and too easy to believe. The worst noise I heard, after the outcry for the cart, was one of violent lamentation and shrieking in a house shut up, with a watchman standing before it. The people, however, took no notice; the watchman took none; and I passed on with the rest, feeling, for the first time, what it was to grow disregarding of misery, or to force myself to be so, by reason of its very excess. This was surely dreadful enough; and yet, to me, it was little to what I am about to mention.

"The lane into which I turned, was one of the most silent. The houses were all shut up, and yet I did not observe a single watcher at the doors. (Watchers were people stationed at sick houses to see that nobody went out.) By this I concluded, that the inmates were all dead, which very much astonished me. I thought it strange, that death should have proceeded in so regular a manner with a whole street. By what I heard afterwards, I concluded, that the greater number of the inhabitants had quitted their business, and fled into the country; while the watchers being few in number, and not overlooked, had most probably, at the time of my passing, gone to take their refreshment, perhaps had abandoned their posts altogether, or gone in doors and taken possession without leave; for numbers of such stories were told of them. Be this as it may, a great mortality had taken place in that street, and death was still in it. I was walking on the shady side of the way, to avoid the terrible dead heat, (for there seemed a mortality in the very sunshine,) when I heard great cries on the sudden, in a house a little beyond, on the other side of the way, and (the door being, I suppose, already open,) I saw a figure, like a man in his grave clothes, burst forth, with his family at his heels,

crying, 'Father! Father!' He fled up the lane, brandishing his arms and clothes, and I lost sight of them in the turning, I was pondering on this spectacle, when I observed a man coming towards me, on my own side, very quiet though dejected, who passed me without noticing what he had seen. I was not sure that I had come the way I had been directed, and turning about just as he had passed me, I asked him the name of the street. He looked right in my eyes, with one of those sudden and equivocal smiles which drunken men sometimes put on, though nothing could be staidier than his movements, and said, 'Don't you know the name of this street? This is Hell Street.' In my confusion at this answer, I was beginning to move off without a word, as we do when deranged people address us, when he burst into peals of laughter, so loud and reiterated, as to bring two or three people to the windows, but they said nothing, and almost as instantly withdrew. I was then moving on, when he called to me in a rational, and very moving tone, 'Sir, sir—I say.' I could not help turning round, upon which he came nearer, and said, with tears in his eyes, 'Every one dead, sir; six in the family, with their mother; I have seen them all put into the pit.—'You afflict me, sir,' said I, 'beyond measure; I feel heartily for your troubles.' He looked stupified, and as he was beginning to smile again, and, (to say the truth,) I felt both horror and fear, I again moved off, gradually increasing the rapidity of my progress. On reaching the turning of the way, where it rounded off, I could not resist a desire to look back, when I saw him standing in the middle of the street, thrusting his right hand violently into the air, and making signs for me with the other to return. I hastened to get out of his sight."

Again repeating that this is a work of great merit, more, we fear, than will be appreciated by the public at large, we take the opportunity of making a brief remark upon the general character of Mr. Hunt's writings. That there is considerable talent and genius about them, every one of taste and fairness must allow; but that they are overloaded with "conceits" and strainings for effect is certainly to be regretted. He indulges his pen in repeated flights of fancy, but his flights are more long than lofty; and there is an occasional desperate fling and jerk, that gives their course a waddling appearance. In his use of words he is peculiar, though not always choice:—he indulges a strange affectation about "graces" of this and that, and "amiability," and "benevolence of soul," &c. which come in sometimes rather *mal à propos* in company with penny plum buns, and slices of beef. In fine, he is in a continual conflict between art and nature, —he labours indefatigably after ease, and

is most elaborate in his simplicity; all which contrarieties would mar the effect of the finest conceptions, and the soundest doctrines. Let him try and forget his reader and *himself* for a brief space, and this will all come right again.

Poems, chiefly Occasional. By Samuel Frederick Green.

SPIRIT of poetry, what art thou come to? —God of Love, where hast thou lighted? —And all ye Graces of Parnassus' Mount, where are now your "diminished heads?" Ye songs of the flowers, and songs of the birds, and songs of the boudoir, and songs of every kind that grace the well-stocked vellum pages of our young ladies' albums —behold your future patron genius! For be it known unto all young men and maidens of sentimental or sympathetic minds, that the present little volume of "*Poems, chiefly Occasional*," (for the publication of which, by the by, we cannot see the "occasion,") is "humbly inscribed, with sentiments of the highest homage for his constitutional political principles or patriotism, and acknowledged professional reputation; and of unfeigned respect for his characteristic condescension, experienced by the author, to"—whom, in the name of all that is elegant and amiable in principle and condescension!—to Sir Charles Wetherell! Such is the fact, and much as we may applaud the modesty of the author, in assuring us that his effusions are by no means "a worthy offering to the exalted and honourable name, to which they are inscribed," we cannot help thinking he might have done more justice to his own taste, and that of his readers, by lavishing his eulogiums upon any one whose "principles" and "patriotism" were more congenial with the general sentiments of the community. We have nothing to do with Mr. Green's politics, however, nor those of any body else, and we readily turn to his poetry, which falls more within our sphere of action. Our youthful bard has put together a variety of little poems, addressing them to sisters and cousins, and copying them into albums and hymn-books, as "occasion" required; but we cannot think that it was prudent to drag them from their private popularity, where they were doubtless prized, to the obscure publicity of their present station, where they but meet criticism to fall into neglect. Mr. Green's muse deals in the simplest commodities in the natural world, such as flowers, tears, sighs, nightingales, zephyrs, &c. and yet he contrives to weave a web of considerable perplexity, which it requires both patience and study to come to the rights of. At the same time, the general turn of his poetry is pretty and musical, which we leave the reader to judge of from the two specimens we extract, being the first in the volume:—

"THE CAGED NIGHTINGALE.

"Imprison'd in a lonesome cage,
There doom'd to spend its little age,
Sweet Philomela lives,
And gaily flirts its active wings,
And courts the hand, and sweetly sings,
And ev'ry wrong forgives.

"Ta'en from its native nest so young,
Ere nature tuned its joyful tongue
To charm the grateful groves;
Ere liberty had bade it roam,
Ere known the blessings of its home,
Or pleasures of the loves.

"A happier state it ne'er possess'd,
To tantalize its peaceful breast;
It cannot wish to stray:
And nurs'd by thee, kind-hearted fair!
Preserv'd from casualty and care,
"Twere mad to fly away.

"So to the power of gentle love
My heart a willing captive prove,
Beneath as mild a rein;
No more its former freedom prize,
But gladly make that sacrifice,
And die to break its chain!"

"ON THE PICTURE OF A LANDSCAPE,
IN AN ALBUM.

"Fair landscape, worthy of a lady's eyes!
Sweet scene, display'd in this her paradise!
Loved spot of hill, dale, water, plant, and
flower,
With its bright hues, enrich'd by sunset
hour!

If, as thou seem'st spot to her mem'ry dear,
Oft shall her eyes refresh thee with a tear,
Oft light thee with their radiance in return,
While brighter thoughts o'er scenes of pleasure
burn.

So in these lines be such a spell combined,

Me to recall with fondness to her mind,
That oft for me her genial smile may shine,
And oft a tear, a secret sob, be mine,
When vanish'd, like that sweet recurring
time,
In memory I live, by this fond rhyme!"

*Enigmettes; or, Flora's Offering to the
Young.* By Mary Kerr Hart. Robins
and Co.

THIS is another little mystic wreath of flowers and foliage, whose mystery, however, being professed in the title-page, we cannot find fault with. These enigmas are sixty-four in number, and embrace all the most lovely features of the vegetable creation, the poetry of which is pleasing, and the descriptions ingenious and full of variety. Perhaps it may be that we are particularly dull in such matters, or we should say, that the data afforded were not always sufficiently matter-of-fact to distinguish the several names of the flowers one from the other. This being the case, we shall steal a march upon the author's "Key," and prefix the answers to such specimens as we extract:—

THE MOSS ROSE.

"Near where the sacred ruin weeps,
And where the faithful ivy creeps,
My first is found—an evergreen
Which vivifies that spectral scene.
'Tis strange, that, loving haunts of gloom,
It loves, too, with my next to bloom,
And round that beauteous form to cling
Whose breath is love!—where clustering
Its green and russet mingled dyes,
It calls its birth-place—Paradise!"

THE IRIS, OR FLAG-FLOWER.

"When smiles break out on Heaven's face,
Bright smiles—too bright to last,
And gild the earth with that warm grace
Which mem'ry lends the past,

"Th' uplifted eye a name may trace
For this my humble theme,
A moment yet may mark its place,
And glory in its beam.

"But ere another moment's birth,
An alter'd look heav'n wears,
And eyes uplifted turn to earth,
To earth o'erwhelm'd in tears.

"Then fresh and fair my lovely theme
See smiling in its bower,
'Tis heaven's coroneted dream,
'Tis earth's most simple flower!"

FOX-GLOVE.

"My first, a victim see it dies
'Mid cruel victors' shouts and cries;
My second, that by herald thrown
When kings ascend old England's throne;
My whole, in heath and hedge is seen,
And crowns with May the Village Queen!"

There is an unfortunate capability for unpleasant association of ideas in the last line of the following short stanza, which must surely have escaped the authoress's notice:—

CAR-NATION.

"My first bore Nelson to the tomb,
Where laurels never cease to bloom;
My next that hero died to save,
His blood enrich'd the swelling wave;
My whole, his emblem you will find,
Which, dying, leaves perfume behind!"

We with pleasure recommend the contents of this little volume as an elegant and intellectual recreation to young ladies both in "town and country."

MUSSULMAUN LADIES.

Observations on the Mussulmauns of India, &c. By Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali. 2 Vols. Parbury and Co.

THE reader will naturally exclaim, as we ourselves exclaimed, "Who is Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali?" picturing to himself a little fat, squat-faced fair-one, with a ring in her nose, and a profusion of exquisite woolly black hair. Such, however, does not appear to be the case:—Mrs. Ali is English by birth, and outlandish only in her name, through her marriage with a Mussulmaun native of India, whom she accompanied back to the East. Under such auspices it is to be supposed that she had a tolerable field for observation, the

result of which is here unostentatiously and perhaps rather too hastily noted down. —The book is a collection of random sketches, highly intelligent and entertaining in themselves, but sadly put together, and somewhat encumbered with repetitions.

The following passage gives an account of the mourning ceremonies amongst the Mussulmauns, which, by a gradual transit "from grave to gay," brings us to the consideration of the ladies' toilette:—

"When a death occurs in a Mussulmaun family, the survivor provides dinners on the third, seventh, and fortieth days succeeding, in memory of the deceased person; these dinners are sent in trays to the immediate relatives and friends of the party,—on which sacred occasion all the poor and the beggars are sought to share the rich food provided. The like customs are observed for Hosein every year. The third day offering is chiefly composed of sugar, ghee, and flour, and called meettah; it is of the consistence of our rice-puddings; and, whether the dainty is sent to a king or a beggar, there is but one style in the presentation—all is served in the common brown earthen dish, in imitation of the humility of Hosein and his family, who seldom used any other in their domestic circle. The dishes of meettah are accompanied with the many varieties of bread common to Hindoostan, without leaven, as sheah-maul, bacherkaunie, chapaatie, &c.; the first two have milk and ghee mixed with the flour, and nearly resemble our pie-crust. I must here stay to remark one custom I have observed amongst natives—they never cook food whilst a dead body remains in the house: as soon as it is known amongst a circle of friends that a person is dead, ready-dressed dinners are forwarded to the house for them—no one fancying he is conferring a kindness, but fulfilling a duty. The third day after the accomplishment of the Mahurum ceremonies, is a busy time with the inmates of zeenahnahs, when generally the mourning garb is thrown off, and preparations commence at an early hour in the morning for bathing and replacing the banished ornaments. Abstinence and privation being no longer deemed meritorious by the Mussulmauns, the pawn—the dear delightful pawn, which constitutes the greatest possible luxury to the natives—pours in from the bazaar, to gladden the eye and rejoice the heart of all classes, who after this temporary self-denial enjoy the luxury with increased zest. Again the missee, (a preparation of antimony,) is applied to the lips, the gums, and occasionally to the teeth of every married lady, who emulate each other in the rich black produced; such is the difference of taste as regards beauty—where we admire the coral hue, with the females of Hindoostan nature is defaced by the application of black dye.

The eyelid also is penciled afresh with prepared black, called kaarjil; the chief ingredient in this preparation is lamp-black. The eyebrow is well examined for fear an ill-shaped hair should impair the symmetry of that arch esteemed a beauty in every clime, though all do not, perhaps, exercise an equal care with eastern dames to preserve order in its growth. The mayndhie is again applied to the hands and feet which restores the bright red hue deemed so becoming and healthy. The nose once more is destined to receive the nutt (ring) which designates the married lady; this ring, I have before mentioned, is of gold wire, the pearls and ruby between them are of great value, and I have seen many ladies wear the nutt as large in circumference as the bangle on her wrist, though, of course, much lighter; it is often worn so large, that at meals they are obliged to hold it apart from the face with the left hand whilst conveying food to the mouth with the other. This nutt, however, from ancient custom, is indispensable with married women; and though they may find it disagreeable and inconvenient, it cannot possibly be removed, except for Mahurru, from the day of their marriage until their death or widowhood, without infringing on the originality of their customs, in adhering to which they take so much pride. The ears of the females are pierced in many places; the gold or silver rings return to their several stations after Mahurru, forming a broad fringe of the precious metals on each side the head; but when they dress for great events—as paying visits or receiving company—these give place to strings of pearls and emeralds, which fall in rows from the upper part of the ear to the shoulder, in a graceful, elegant style. My ayah, a very plain old woman, has no less than ten silver rings in one ear and nine in the other, each of them having pendant ornaments; indeed, her ears are literally fringed with silver. After the hair has undergone all the ceremonies of washing, drying, and anointing with the sweet jasmine oil of India, it is drawn with great precision from the forehead to the back, where it is twisted into a queue which generally reaches below the waist; the ends are finished with strips of red silk and silver ribands entwined with the hair, and terminating with a good-sized rosette. The hair is jet black, without a single variation of tinge, and luxuriantly long and thick, and thus dressed remains for the week—about the usual interval between their laborious process of bathing; nor can they conceive the comfort other people find in frequent brushing and combing the hair."

From the head we take a sudden descent to the feet of these fair ones:—

"The ladies never wear stockings, and only cover the feet with shoes when pacing across their court-yard, which bounds their

view and their walks. Nevertheless, there is a fashion and taste about the ladies' shoes which is productive of much emulation in zeenahnah life; they are splendidly worked in many patterns, with gold and silver spangles, variously-coloured small seed beads, and embroidery—the whole one mass of glittering metal; they are made with sharp points curling upwards, some nearly reaching half way to the knees, and always worn down at the heel, as dressing slippers; the least costly, for their every-day wear, are of gold embroidery on velvet; the less opulent condescend to wear tinsel work; and the meanest servants yellow or red cloth with silver binding. The same style of shoes are worn by the males as by the females; I have seen some young men with green shagreen slippers for the rainy season; these are made with a high heel, and look unseemly. The fashion of shoes varies with the times in this country, as well as in others; sometimes it is genteel to have small points to the shoes; at another, the points are long and much curled; but they still retain the preference for pointed shoes, whatever be the fashion adopted. The greatest novelty in the way of shoes, which came under my observation in India, was a pair of silver embroidery, small pointed, and very neatly made; on the points and round the instep small silver bells were fastened, which produced harmony with every step, varied by the quick or more gentle paces of the wearer; these were a present to me from a lady of distinction in Oude. Upon visiting this lady on one occasion, my black silk slippers, which I had left at the entrance, (as is the custom here,) had most likely attracted the curiosity of the Begum's slaves, for when that lady attended me to the threshold, they could no where be found; and I was in danger of being obliged to soil my stockings by walking shoeless to my palkie, across the court-yard. In this dilemma the lady proffered me the pair here described; I was much amused with the novelty of the exchange, upon stepping into the musical shoes, which, however they may be prized by native ladies, did not exactly suit my style of dress, nor convenience in walking, although I must always remember the Begum's attention with gratitude. The ladies' society is by no means insipid or without interest; they are naturally gifted with good sense and politeness, fond of conversation, shrewd in their remarks, and their language is both correct and refined."

We shall return to these volumes next week.

Divines of the Church of England, No. 21.
Valpy.

THIS volume comprises the Discourses of Dr. Powell, and James Fawcett, with an interesting account of their lives, by the Rev. Mr. Hughes.

Murray's New Edition of Lord Byron's Life and Works. Vol 2.

THIS volume includes the poet's history and correspondence, from the period of his return from the Continent in 1811, to the beginning of 1814. The embellishments are "Tepaleen, the Palace of Ali Pacha," after Purday; and a view of "Constantinople," after Stanfield, both engraved by Finden.

The New Casket. Vol. 1. Strange.

ANOTHER volume of miscellaneous literature, published, we believe, in penny numbers, and embellished with spirited wood cuts. This work is recommended to the public by the smallness of its price, and the lively character of its contents.

The Album of Literature and Amusement. 2 Vols. Strange.

Two little budgets of "Tales, Poems, and Topographical Sketches;" with "Songs, Wit, Fun, and Fancy, original and select;"—so says the title. The contents are amusing, and of sufficient variety, and may probably afford a paragraph or two for our miscellanies.

Family Classical Library, No. 26. Valpy.

BEING the fourth volume of Plutarch, with seven medallion portraits.

I. O. N.

THE following poem, consisting of six hundred and twenty lines, ending in *ion*, is from an unpublished manuscript, written about the year 1730. It is a satirical love epistle, in which the aspirant, after submitting his own claims to the lady's preference, deprecates those of all engaged in the several professions of the Church, State, Army, Navy, &c. &c.

We have divided this curious poetical effusion into three parts; the first of which is as follows:—

MADAM,

After mature consideration,
Quite overcome with admiration
Of all your charms in combination,
Which heighten'd by your education,
Have gain'd a glorious reputation,
I can't suppress my inclination,
Nor longer bear a separation:
But must with serious application,
Strive to obtain your approbation
Of the most strong and lasting passion,
Quite free from all dissimulation,
Or danger of the least mutation.

I fear no spiteful imputation,
Nor those who by insinuation,
May strive to move your indignation,
Against my person or my station;
Or that by this association,
I only want an augmentation
Of wealth, or better situation,
And after such an aggregation,
Would slight so great an obligation.
Such thoughts are an abomination,
Such deeds my utmost detestation,
They flow from want of moderation

In foes, whose fiery indignation,
Urg'd by the devil's instigation,
Study their neighbour's defamation.
Thus by most wicked exprobration,
True virtue suffers prophanation.
But without sincere recantation,
And also reconciliation,
Free from the laest prevarication,
Such deeds will scarce escape damnation.

Now without further affirmation,
Of this my honest designation,
As I abhor all execration,
And to prevent a disputation,
I drop all further exclamation:
Nor will I by exaggeration,
Add to those wretches condemnation.
For tho' their frequent provocation,
Inflames the mind by aggravation,
Yet this can be no toleration,
For honest men in any nation,
To follow them by imitation.

Then be not in a consternation,
At this ingenuous declaration;
For if there were the least occasion,
To doubt the truth of my relation,
Not standing on deliberation,
I would without premeditation,
Proceed by oath in confirmation,
Of this my profound veneration.
But set aside all imprecation,
There needs no further vindication,
When love beyond all limitation,
And scorning sordid affectation,
Amounts almost to adoration;
It then brings its own commendation,
And needs no further attestation.
But such is mine without cessation,
Incapable of variation,
Not subject to adulteration,
Nor can it stoop to alteration.

Now to digress by speculation,
I will examine each vocation,
And by a proper dissertation,
Accompany'd with indagation
Strictly avoid hallucination;
And aiming at elucidation,
Intirely void of insectation,
By truth support my allegation,
Yet not without deliberation;
And after a denomination
Of men and things, by denotation
I will, not by asseveration
Impute, much less by abnegation
Decide; but leave true commendation,
Or blame, to your determination;
And with the greatest oblectation,
Concur in your adjudication.

First then divines in each oration,
After a tute ejaculation,
To us preach up mundification,
Attainable only by oblacion.
Some boast much of divine legation,
With sole right of interpretation;
Sharply inveigh 'gainst innovation,
Almost in ev'ry declamation.
Some tell us of a hot purgation,
Which puts us in a tremulation,
And sometimes causeth abgregation.
Others proceed with palliation,
At least denounce with ablactation.

Now shall you hear of consecration,
Whilst some hate transubstantiation,
And others consubstantiation,
Although they adore presentation,
And are in raptures at collation!
But then they hate dilapidation,

Nor care much for appropriation,
But damn to hell impropriation.

Next hear we of resuscitation,
As also of vivification.
Then fright they with predestination
And once a year by commination,
Which is a sort of desecration,
And this in ev'ry congregation,
Exhorting us to conformation,
Or, if you please, to reformation.
But yet for all their enarration,
Tho' oft they name rectification,
They scarce arrive at emendation,
And still more rare at enodation;
But often by equivocation,
Instead of exemplification
They stop not at exasperation,
But by their too toomuch elation,
Their words produce exagitation.
Yet oft times want true explanation,
As does their meaning explication,
Which we must seek by exploration,
And sometimes by expostulation,
Yet leave it to their liquidation,
Unless in love with litigation,
And that encourages luctation.

Some of them scorn geniculation,
Although ev'n at their laureation!
Yet they approve inebriation,
By some folks call'd intoxication;
And full of vain interrogation,
Are fittest for interpolation,
Tho' not so for investigation.
Nor (I think) for matriculation.

Many when met in convocation,
Not much perplex'd with cogitation,
Would rather please by adulation,
And rise to wealth by abbreviation,
Than honour by argumentation.
They are no friends to deprivation
Because it brings on ambulation,
Much rather would they choose donation,
Of all good things by prelibation,
Which some do call anticipation,
Sincerely wishing perduration,
Abhorring abrenunciation!
Nor care they much for reparation,
Tho' oft they find it in quotation,
And when they by annunciation
Exhort, or by denunciation
Impute our sins by numeration,
Almost beyond multiplication,
They so enforce their adjuration,
You'd almost swear it was afflation!
Oft times they do by obsecration,
Which is a sort of abtestation,
Advise us to obliteration.
They admit not re-ordination,
Nor care they for a visitation,
But could approve preconization,
Hence let us all fly maculation,
And by intire eradication
Of vice, aspire at elevation
Of soul; and by mortification,
And an unfeigned renunciation
Of will, lay hold on mediation,
Which with the help of immolation
May much avail tow'ards expiation,
At least unto extenuation,
And by degrees justification,
Which leads unto canonization,
Best way to beatification,
Approaching near deification.

This must be by due preparation,
And of our hearts a dedication,
Which may, with a sincere prostration,

Deliver us from reprobation.
For should we faint under temptation,
Or despise Divine revelation;
And so instead of supplication,
Neglect to make some compensation,
There will be an accumulation
Of stripes for such inapplication;
But if by constant invocation,
With Heaven we keep communication,
No doubt, by its co-operation,
We may procure alleviation
Of pain, and thus by cultivation,
And aiming at immaculation,
If done with true humiliation,
Not for our own gratification,
But solely for glorification,
As this will prove edification,
When often join'd with exhortation,
So will it be an excitation,
For those who may through emulation,
Arrive at virtue by gradation.

Now should this fail our expectation,
Because our mean purification,
Wanted its due qualification,
So could be no propitiation,
But tended rather to privation,
Yet still we have a reservation,
Hoping 'twill be some dispensation;
This is near to regeneration,
Amounting to a renovation,
Which may advance our exaltation,
And from our pains a relaxation.

Thus by a proper regulation
Of manners, without hesitation,
We may by supererogation,
Escape their excommunication,
Preceded by a fulmination,
Which would be utter ruination,
Equal almost to annihilation,
Without a speedy revocation!

(Second part in our next.)

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

"Sir Joseph took the command of the C——a in 1801, from an Irish captain, whose officers, petty and quarter-deck, were all Irish, and who had succeeded, to an officer, of all men the most known for keeping a ship's company in a state of 'the most admired disorder.' I recollect when this Anglo predecessor of this Anglo-Irish captain would not permit a pretty large body of French prisoners to be confined in the hold, or placed under a sentry. One day, after a long chase of a French line-of-battle ship, during which the prisoners were allowed to look out of the port-holes, and even from the chains, at the chase, the drum beat to quarters. On clearing the ship for action, it was found that every breeching of the main-deck guns was cut through, and several of the lanyards of the main and mizen shrouds were cut even to a few yarns with sharp knives. To this anti-disciplinarian succeeded a captain of real Irish character, such a one as Miss Edgeworth herself would have liked to have drawn; and many of the old jokes told about 'Tommy Pakenham's boys,' 'the flogging of the pigs' on the quarter-deck, 'the star-board watch bating the larboard,' and the

captain *bating* both with a big shillelah, —until, like Newfoundland dogs, they became dangerous to their master,—were realized among this wild crew.

"Sir Joseph did not make himself popular by bringing with him myself and other officers, who were 'mere English.' Probably no other man in the service could have reduced such a ship's company to so perfect a state of discipline, and in so short a period; albeit the 'means and appliances' savoured of the old school. The vices to be cured were drunkenness, riots, and fighting; a most lubberly performance of every duty; and an insolence to the quarter-deck. These offences were never spared; but punishment was accompanied by such salutary addresses to the ship's company, that they contained not only the *code raisonné*, which must ever govern such a community, but it was illustrated and rationalized to the men in a manner so admirably adapted to a sailor's habits and notions, that the effect was incredible. A sort of nautical patriotism was infused into the crew, and for this object no means were spared. When desertion became even alarming, Sir Joseph (no chaplain being on board) performed the Sabbath-church service, and taking his text—'Shall such a man as I flee?'—he gave a practical sermon, full of sound common sense, upon the vice of desertion, and on the duty of serving the country—'and fools that came to laugh, remained to pray.'

"At a subsequent period, in the —line-of-battle ship, a very alarming disposition prevailed among a great part of the ship's company; and the old mutineer's toast of 'A dark night, a sharp knife, and a bloody blanket,' had been revived among the men.

"About six bells of the first watch, the lieutenant flew into the cabin and announced to Yorke, that the men had formed two lines on the main-deck, that some of them were even brandishing their knives as ready for action. Yorke, with the natural intrepidity of his character, flew to the scene of danger; and I never shall forget his large figure boldly and rapidly advancing, and seen only dimly by the two or three lanterns that were burning. Coming totally unarmed to the head of this double line of ruffians, he uttered, with his sonorous full voice, a few of his usually imperative and almost wild sentences, and instantly knocked two men down, on the right and left, with his double fists. Seizing the two next (men of very large stature,) he drove their, as he called them, 'lubberly heads' together, with a force that rolled them stunned and stupified on the deck. He then collared two others, and passed them aft to the officers, who by this time were assembling with side-arms; and, having thus secured about a dozen, he walked fearlessly through the long line of the remainder, abusing

them with every epithet, and ending his abuse by exclaiming—'Have you the impudence to suppose that I would hang such a lubberly set of — as you are? No, by —! I will flog every ringleader like —, and not put the fleet to the disgrace of a court-martial to try such a set of —.' The men were awed by the mastery of his manner; and in two or three cases, where one, 'the bravest of the brave,' showed a desire to impede his steps, he knocked him down, and in one or two instances kicked him soundly as he lay on the deck. Thus did he pass forward between the line of sanguinary lawless ruffians; and by dint of his physical powers, his presence of mind, and dauntless intrepidity, he quelled, at the expense of a few dozen at the gangway, a mutiny which might have occasioned many executions and floggings round the fleet. The mutiny existed only among a large body of Irish pressed men; and several of the old seamen, when they saw the success of suppressing it, enjoyed most heartily the humorous heroism of the captain. This humour, of which no idea could be conveyed, except by a knowledge of the individual, never forsook him.

"Sir Joseph was every inch a sailor. The master-attendant, shipwright, and head officers of — yard, were once discussing naval qualifications. I was then a boy; but I was struck that, amidst their conflicting opinions, they were all agreed that Captain Yorke understood scientifically and practically more of naval architecture, and of the theory and practice of all that related to building and fitting a ship, than almost any man they had seen.

"He was an excellent helmsman and pilot. On one occasion, anxious to prevent the escape of the enemy from Cherbourg, he beat the Jason through the Needles, at night, with a hard gale almost in her teeth.

"In a chase, I have seen him at the wheel for four hours in the roughest weather; and his coxswain the only man in the ship (the Jason) to whom he would resign his post. So intuitive and nice were his perceptions in all that related to 'the shipman's art,' that I recollect his sending for the officer of the watch, on an extremely fierce night, after he had turned in for an hour, exhausted by his long station at the wheel, in a very anxious chase of six-and-thirty hours. 'Who is at the wheel, Mr. —?' was the first question. —'Askew, the coxswain,' was the reply. 'That's impossible—Askew never steered the ship in this manner—it is some lubberly quarter-master;'—and this was the fact, for the coxswain had left the wheel; and Yorke, when he awoke in his cot, perceived the inferiority of his steering by the motion of the ship.

"It is a pity that his admirable method

of training his men at the guns was not followed, or the subject thought of in the service, till our war with America taught us that 'gunnery was nine points of a battle.'—*Annual Biography for 1832.*

Fine Arts.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

WE were sadly disappointed on our visit to the above meeting, on Wednesday evening, at the Freemason's Tavern; and we would strongly recommend the artists, if they wish to attend to their own interests, to use a little more exertion in the society, which originated solely for their benefit and for the encouragement of the fine arts. If the artists depend alone upon the amateurs taking down from their collections sufficient for the amusement of the evening, and do not themselves contribute any of their own productions for the purpose, the society, eventually, must be broken up; this we should regret to see, as nothing conduces more to the encouragement of the fine arts, than a friendly intercourse between the professors and their patrons. The only object worthy of attention on the above evening was a beautiful water-colour drawing of a shipwreck, by Turner; and this was from the collection of an amateur.

As there are no new prints to be seen, we have space for the following concise and interesting article (from *The Metropolitan Magazine*) on the state of the fine arts in Spain:—

THE SPANISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

It was not until the conclusion of the Peninsular war, that the claims of the Spanish school of painting to an equality with the Italian schools began to be hearkened to. The robberies and purchases of that period, particularly the collection amassed by Marshal Soult, exhibited in Paris, and afterwards dispersed by sale, opened the eyes of artists and amateurs to the excellences of the Spanish masters, and afforded a slight glimpse of those inestimable treasures of art with which the Peninsula abounds. But since that period, a knowledge of the Spanish school has made slow advances. Some few of our artists, indeed,—among others, our inimitable Wilkie,—and such of our thorough amateurs as held the discomforts of a journey through Spain to be no sufficient obstacle to the pursuit of their enjoyment, have visited the country of Murillo and Velasquez, and have returned with increased veneration for the names, and tenfold admiration of the works, of these and other masters; but there is yet no general acquaintance with the productions and merits of the Spanish painters, and no general acquiescence in the justice of their

claims. Almost every one who professes any knowledge of, or love for the divine art, has made the tour of Italy, has visited Florence, Rome, Genoa, and Venice, and is able to descant on the unapproachable excellences of Raphael, the inimitable grace of Correggio, and the matchless colouring of Titian; and thus, by the great highway of Italy, a wide channel has been long open, by which a knowledge of the Italian schools has flowed into England.

But this is not the the only cause of the more general acquaintance with the Italian than the Spanish schools of painting. Picture-dealers and fanciers have found an easier and a better trade in Italy, than in Spain. In Italy, the greater poverty of the possessors of pictures has afforded a facility for their purchase. The Italian nobles are many of them in reduced circumstances, and the convents are, with some few exceptions, distinguished for their limited means. In Spain the reverse of this obtains. The nobility are for the most part wealthy, and even, if poor, their pride would not allow them to dispose of their pictures; while the convents, where the *chef-d'œuvres* are principally found, are, with scarcely an exception, so rich, that the most speculative picture-dealer would fail to bribe them into a sale. The consequence of this has been, that comparatively few pictures have been brought from Spain; and that those which have chiefly found their way into other countries have been mostly inferior pictures, or, at all events, not in the highest style of the respective masters. To take the pictures of Murillo as an example: that master is known in two distinct styles,—I mean in the choice of subjects. One of these is the great style, by which he is chiefly known and valued in Spain, and of which his Conceptions, Annunciations, Madonnas, Angels, and compositions from Scripture history, such as the "Prodigal Son," the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," &c. are examples. The other class of subjects upon which his pencil was exercised belongs to every-day Spanish life and manners; and of this style, examples are seen in the Dulwich Gallery, in two pictures of "Ragged Boys" and a "Gipsy Girl." The pictures of the former class are naturally those which are most valued by the monks, and which are, with few exceptions, the property of the convents or of the government. These, therefore, have scarcely been attainable by foreigners, who have been obliged to content themselves with those pictures of the other class which were less valued, and which the necessities of revolutionary times had brought into the market. Few Spanish pictures of the highest merit have ever found their way into the hands of private individuals in Spain. Velasquez, chief painter to Philip IV., painted almost

wholly for the royal palaces; and the genius of Murillo was nearly monopolized by the demands of the convents and churches: and even among those individuals who are so fortunate as to possess valuable productions of the Spanish school, there is an almost insurmountable reluctance to part with them. I have visited more than one private collection in Spain, the owner of which would, I believe, have kicked any one down stairs who might have had the presumption to offer money for a picture of any of the great masters. To all these reasons for the scarcity of Spanish pictures, elsewhere than in Spain, I may add that the government has published an edict forbidding the exportation of Murillo's works.

The great scarcity of the higher productions of the Spanish school in England and elsewhere, and the considerable number of inferior productions to be found, has led many to believe that the Peninsula contains little that is valuable in the art; because, with a belief in the omnipotence of English gold and in Spanish poverty, one might naturally conclude that the best pictures would be attracted to England. The reasons which I have given above will have already explained why this result has not taken place; but nothing can be more erroneous than the inference that there is a dearth of pictures in Spain. The Madrid Gallery alone contains upwards of two hundred pictures of the eight greatest of the Spanish masters; viz. of Murillo, Velasquez, Espanoletto, Juanes, Alonzo-Cano, Ribalta, Cerezo, and Morales; besides, perhaps, nearly as many more works of inferior artists; other collections in Madrid contain from fifty to sixty pictures of the first masters. In the king's palaces of Madrid and Aranjuez many pictures of Velasquez are found. In Seville there are fifty-nine *chef-d'œuvres* of Murillo; and by a rough estimate, which I formed when there, I may safely say that there are in Seville at least three hundred pictures of other masters of the Spanish school. It is impossible to form any thing like a correct conception of the number of paintings contained in the convents throughout Spain. In all the cathedrals, and in most of the principal churches,—in very many of the convents in Madrid, Granada, Murcia, Valencia, and other large towns, productions of the chief Spanish masters will be found; and even the obscurest of the hundreds—I might say thousands—of the convents scattered through Spain, contains some pictures which, if not of first-rate excellence, would bear the expense of transport to another country. It would certainly be an undercalculation to assert that Spain does not contain fewer than a thousand pictures of the ten or twelve first masters; and, perhaps, three times as many of the productions of inferior artists. It is not, there-

fore, a dearth of pictures in Spain that occasions a paucity of them in England.

No one who has had the good fortune to behold the greatest productions of the first Spanish masters, as these are found in Seville and Madrid, can help regretting, for the sake of the art itself, that they are placed so far beyond the reach of the great majority of artists; for it is impossible to calculate what may be the results of facilities for the study of the most faultless models. In this opinion I have found the most perfect coincidence among the artists and amateurs who have visited Spain for the study or the love of the art: all are ready especially to acknowledge the perhaps unapproachable, and certainly unapproached, excellences of Murillo; none more ready than Wilkie, who, from his long residence in Seville, has well qualified himself to form an opinion. This accomplished painter was accustomed to spend hours almost every day in the study of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Murillo, and in endeavouring to transfer to his own canvas those graces, which, without any disparagement of Mr. Wilkie's genius, may be said to be inimitable. A "Christ crowned with Thorns," in the collection of Mr. Williams of Seville,—a picture which is a true interpreter of the genius of Murillo,—was the model upon which Mr. Wilkie chiefly occupied himself; but he did not hesitate to admit, with that modesty which is the never-failing accompaniment of true genius, the unattainable perfections of that great master; and he particularly felt the difficulty of imitating the colouring, which could not be produced by a mixture of colours, or by the use of the glazing by which Titian heightened the effect of his pictures.—*Metropolitan.*

Music.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE Opera House was lighted up on Thursday evening, when a pretty numerous company of fashionables and amateurs assembled for the purpose of viewing the new decorations and arrangements of the house; the whole of which appeared to give complete satisfaction. As the performances commence this evening, we need but briefly enumerate the principal features, which are as follows:—The whole of the house has been repainted, the boxes relined, and the furniture renewed;—the old chandelier has been dismissed, and a much larger one, of a more elegant and picturesque form, substituted, which is also more liberally lighted than its predecessor;—the miserably shabby drop-curtain has also disappeared to make room for a new one of highly rich and chaste appearance, designed and executed by Mr. Grieve; backs have been affixed to most of the benches in the pit and gallery; and all the minor arrangements

rendered as comfortable and elegant as the most fastidious exquisite could desire.

The past week has been busily employed in rehearsals of the opera of *L'Esule di Roma*, and the ballet of *Une Heure à Naples*, both of which are new, and splendid in their scenery and decorations. The principal parts in the former will be sustained by Mariani, a bass singer of whom report speaks most highly, Winter, a tenor of great power and taste, whose success in this part (originally composed for him) was such as to gain him a pension from the king of Naples, together with the rank of first tenor in the royal chapel, and Madame de Meric, a lady who, (as well as the above,) will have the honour of making a first appearance before an English audience, but of whose pretensions delicacy forbids our saying any thing at present. The ballet is arranged by Albert, who will take a principal part, the music being composed by Costa, and will introduce Madame Le Comte, and several leading artistes of foreign repute.

Drama.

DRURY LANE.

Friday.—The Brigand; Harlequin and Little Thumb; the Bride of Ludgate.

Saturday.—The Rent Day; Charles the Twelfth; the Pantomime.

Monday.—Performance of Ancient and Modern Music.

Tuesday.—*Virginius*; the Pantomime.

Wednesday.—The Rent Day; My own Lover; the Jenkinses.

Thursday.—The Rent Day; Turning the Tables, the Pantomime.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—Catherine of Cleves; the Wedding Day; Hop o' my Thumb.

Saturday.—Cinderella; the Pantomime.

Monday.—No Performance.

Tuesday.—Catherine of Cleves; Teddy the Tiler; the Pantomime.

Wednesday.—*Artaxerxes*; the Waterman; the Pantomime.

Thursday.—Catherine of Cleves; Country Quarters; the Pantomime.

Theatricals have been at a discount during the past week, as far as the critics are concerned; neither new piece nor new performer having made its appearance. We understand, however, that the managers are by no means displeased at this apparent dulness on the stage, the business in the treasury having been brisk and encouraging.

Monday, being the anniversary of King Charles's martyrdom, the drama was excluded from the stage, music being substituted at Drury-lane. The *Tatler* informs us that "Hurrah for Merry England," and other airs equally appropriate, were performed, at which the audience was "suitably affected." This is generally considered the commencement of the oratorios, which, as far as names go, do not appear very promising for the present season. The list is considerably inferior,

both in numbers and talent, to that of last year, and we had then, surely, nothing to spare. Let Mr. Bishop look to this ere it be too late.

Miss Shirreff, whose professional career has been for some weeks interrupted by an unfortunate hoarseness, appeared again at Covent Garden, on Wednesday, in her original part of *Mandane*, which she gave with renovated vigour and effect, to the complete satisfaction of an applauding audience.

Robert le Diable, it appears, is getting up at both the patent theatres after all; nothing can be more contemptible than this attempt to humbug poor John Bull. Is it not very well known that but one complete copy of Meyerbeer's music exists, and that that copy is guarded with Argus-like watchfulness by the composer himself, at Paris, till the opportunity arrives for its being conveyed to the King's Theatre here? However, Mr. Bishop has, as we said last week, undertaken to compose some music for Drury Lane, though who is to do the like service for "the Devil" at Covent Garden, is yet a secret both to gods and men. Would it not be prudent for the two composers to have some sort of previous understanding on the subject, that, though their music bear no likeness to that of M. Meyerbeer, there should, at least, be some few points of resemblance between themselves?

The question between the majors and minors progresses not, neither is it entirely put to rest. There is a slight grumble heard now and then on the one part, and then a bold act of defiance on the other. This is really a public question, which the public voice ought to decide;—the sooner the public take it up deliberately and determinately the better. Meantime the little unlicensed and half-licensed houses go on as merrily as ever, and seem to be the more filled because the law threatens to turn them inside out;—for British subjects have a very wholesome jealousy of their rights and liberties, and like to face the statute-books as closely as they can.

Miscellanea.

The Opera as it used to be:—"And this then is the Italian Opera of London, on which, directly and indirectly, so many fortunes have been thrown away, and to which the hearts of all the virtuosi of Italy aspire for consummation of their fame!—While I sit here, pen in hand, intent on recording some point or peculiarity worthy of commendation;—not one can I bring to mind. The house is capacious indeed; but the stage itself below contempt; the boxes and avenues commodiously arranged, but dirty and paltry in their decorations; the orchestra

dignified by a few great names, but meagre and slovenly; the *corps d'opera et de ballet* redeemed by the promise of some highly promising arrivals, but at present scanty and bad—deficient both in quantity and quality. As to the audience, notwithstanding all I had previously heard of the emptiness of town, I was ill prepared for such an exhibition of vulgarity and effrontery. During the whole of the opera, a set of men in cloaks and great coats were wandering about the lobbies of the pit, which echoed to the tramp and creaking of their boots; while the air and conduct of the females gracing some of the principal boxes, sufficiently accounted to me for the emptiness of those adjoining."—*The Opera*.

Preservation from Shipwreck.—M. Monnin, in a memoir presented to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, proposes to fix round the vessels, in stormy weather, large bladders made of the hides of oxen or horses, and filled with air, which would sustain the vessel and prevent its sinking, even when filled with water. He also proposes to diminish the dangers arising from vessels striking against rocks, by placing impermeable mattresses of hair or old linen between the coppering and the wood of the vessel.—*Journ. R. Instit.*

"We wish to call the attention of the print collectors and the public in general to an advertisement which appeared in a Morning Paper of yesterday, calling a meeting of the creditors of M.M. Colnaghi, of Cockspur-street, and to state that the original and old-established firm of Colnaghi and Co. now carried on by Colnaghi, sen. Dominic Colnaghi and Co. 14, Pall-mall East, is not in any way connected with the above."—*Morning Chronicle*, Feb. 2.

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